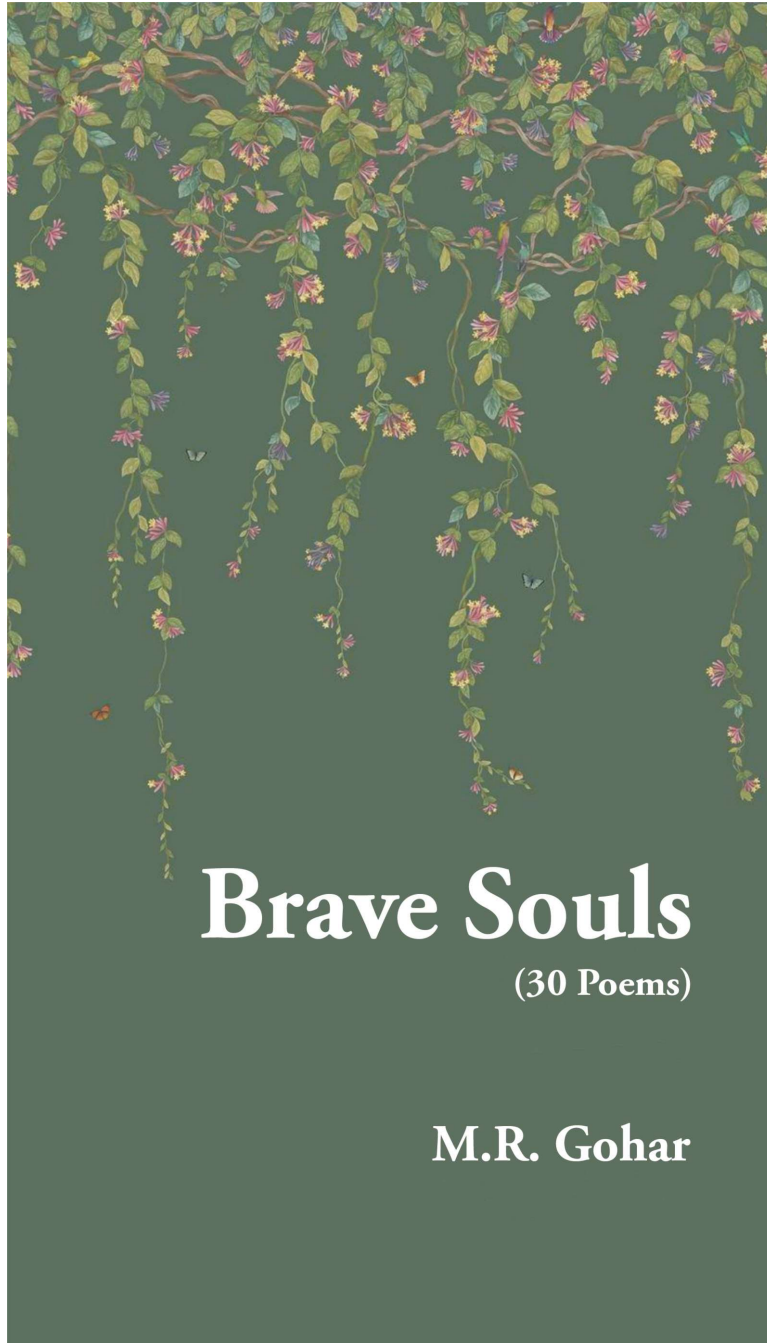




BRAVE SOULS

(30 Poems)

By

M. R. Gohar

**ORIENT SOCIAL RESEARCH CONSULTANCY
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International Standard Book Number (ISBN)

978-969-2281-14-0

Printed in Pakistan by

Haji Haneef & Sons, Band Road, Lahore

Publisher:

Orient Social Research Consultancy (OSRC) (SMC-PRIVATE) Ltd.

263-FF, Street 233, Wafi City, Citi Housing Society, Gujranwala.

Tel: +92-300-9644467 Email: info@osrc.org.pk

First Edition : November, 2025

Price (PKR): 500.00

Price (US \$) : 40

Dedicated

To all those who are suffering
in **Palestine** and in **Pakistan**

Preface

Poetry is a sacred voice of the suffering soul and an expression of emotions that words alone often fail to convey. This remarkable collection of poems is an emblem of struggle of Palestinian and Pakistani people against the cold indifference of the universe. It's about the unspeakable pain that is forced to be normalized, resilience that is practiced as an act of worship and the sufferings that become the clots in the blood to stay there forever. Amidst this crisis of sorrows and sufferings the unbreakable bond of love with all its purity and the gentle warmth of tender feelings for the beloved seem to sparkle through the web of this anthology.

Gohar's "Brave Souls" is an act of empowering those without a voice, those who always receive violence and are robbed of their power to speak. It establishes suffering itself as a discourse in shaping perspectives by redefining power dynamics. Time, too is given an exquisite treatment through preservation of memories. With all-pervasive theme of love this beautiful collection of poems aims to unite all the hearts across the globe to beat as one.

I humbly invite the readers to journey through the pages to feel, find and figure out the battered blind souls who are the wreck of their former selves but are blessed to see with the eyes of love. You for sure will come across your lost self there.

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Long Live Palestine

They are the bravest souls I ever see
The tales of their strength are to be
a part of our history; a red chapter
In the book of courage and bravery.

They yielded never, we all would say
They surrendered never, we all would call
They stood cemented as a wall of clay
against bullets and bombs, they all stood tall.

Their bodies frail, but spirits strong
Their walls muddy, but with iron hands
Their weapons small, but passions long
Their kids small, but with powerful stands.

They can suffer long, they love their land
They are holy as they own treasure
They are pious as they love their own sand
They got the revealed books; holy treasure.

The bones of their ancestors they keep
To be faithful and loyal all the time
All their bounties they would really reap
In all their seasons and all the clime.

I salute the dwellers of the fruitful range
They are as precious as figs and olives
They are cosy though look citric and strange
They turn bitter though sweet as honey hives.

We Weep, they Sleep

(written in a graveyard)

The silence I met had been since long
In a sleeping but unbuilt town strong
Most of them sleeping since I don't know
Some ones shifted new and joined the show.

A silent city, voices resound but to them
Nobody else ever listens or speaks to them
One may claim to miss but can't reach there
And show one's sense of remorse for one's dear

A silence in the lodged houses and inns
Quite near to the walking souls of kins
All busy, moving past the town of love
They can't see the time that lurks above

Sometimes, on some occasions, we weep;
Our tears are ours; we weep, they sleep
Any response in words, tears or a cry
A silence ever haunts me, whatever I try.

The birds chirp, the wind rustles and sings
An elegy on my part in monotonous things
I just sit on the earth, with no rug or mat
Just a chain of drops like beads rolling flat

My eyes and cheeks equally wet as rain;
A rain inside without any prior strain.
I sit on the head-side of my loving father
And on the foot-side of my parted mother.

They hear my sighs and cries, I believe
But make no gesture to make me relieve
Their silence speaks, but words no more
Make me realize that they are still ashore.

Name-Plates

The only graveyard of my village
In the middle of the buildings built
Covered with a four feet wall
with two feet Iron fence fixed up
To keep the cattle and kids away
The walls have got inlets and holes
For the water of rain and drain in
Some graves damaged and pierced
to the extent of extinction, I see.

The heirs of the dead ones visit;
stand outside the fence, offer *fateha*
A few go inside, but with a short stay
put roses on the graves, a little bit pray

I, a visitor of the graveyard, come and stay
with a firm faith that the inmates will say
All their pleasures and pains, with no voices
They are to say what I can hear and obey.

Their names and death-dates I revise
As my daily lesson or my school ties
And repeat the prayers and verses written
On the marble plates on their head-sides.

The graves of a *Jutt* and a *Butt* both adjacent
Hardly a six inch distance between the two
They had life-long animosity when alive
Over an issue of love marriage of their kids

A vendor and the counsellor lying as close
As two chums in their school days on a desk
had never greeted each other in their life,
sleeping as two bees in a single cell of a hive.

A nurse and a lawyer both are neighbors
Their graves covered with red and pink petals
The son of the nurse puts on his Thursday visits
He puts some on Lawyer's as a reverence too.

A watchman's muddy grave is on the head side
Of the cemented home of the landlord's mother
Both are rarely flowered but plastered yearly
On the tenth of *Moharram* as an act of obligation.

Our Fatherland

Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable.

Here come tyrants as kings
with slogans for new things
they come, stay and pack
as many packets as can
fill their bags and sacks
with foreign currency
savings are sailed abroad
as off-shore companies
can flee to hide anytime.

Here the people as workers
Live and measure each day

Bent heads with load and say
They are our kind saviours.
They furnish dreams at night
For a bright day of their kids
wishing an earthly paradise
For a state free from hunger
For a state out of maladies
For a state with profound love.

A cobbler's and a barber's kids
ask their dads for a golden day
Like the kids of their feudal,
Her wedding like a minister's.

Years elapsed, years will elapse
The day is a promise by the lord
empty pockets, punctured cycles
small kitchen, few cooking items
the whole week, the whole month
hungry kids jump here and there
the glossy cars and cruisers pass

The least hope to own one by them.

They wait for some worst happening
some earthquake, flood or draught
see the face of their lords with aid
have some ration from their hands
have some pics with them in news
The days came, and will come often
It has been since decades; will go on
Their miseries double with each crown
They take their fate without any frown.

Hubble Tension

My love expands each moment
For my kids and space around
Unmeasurably, uncountably
My life-years get on extending
To the limit of a sudden collapse;
The collapse time, I wana measure;
Figure out, guess and imagine.
I use divine books and hi-tech too
The books ensure the collapse,
but with no exact day and date.
James Web is a little help
Hubble too is with excuse.
I am amid two expansions;
my fatherly love rooting deep
and the *Eternity's* pending beep.

Game Goes on

Ours is a strange universe
It can be termed as *rendered*, I think
A participatory perhaps
Like a video game in a shop
We are the pixels in the game
Where something happens
Only by the observer and the player
The absence of the one agent
Is suffice to make it still and stop
Like the screen of the *Elden Ring*
Without no simulation and sensation.

We are the players,
observer is there, too,
A third-person omniscient
He sits aloof and separate

All watching and looking
how, why and what we play;
watches its end, then laughs,
Decodes it, feeds a new one
With better players and fun.

Utopia no more

In a cosy cabin of *SpaceX*
A journey is planned to Mars
With all my luggage and bags
Leaving all ties and cries here
All the masses and the mayor
All rush and crush everywhere
Carrying no grain of gun and fear
It gonna be an *ecdysis*, I swear.

I got good vibes and greets
by the Martians on *starlink*
They are all in my contact
Ask me have a ticket booked
Their chief is with a smile
To let me in, have a stay

And live as easy as I may
With no terror and treason
no ban on speech and talk
no rob on drive and walk
Houses but with no lock
No fear of pandemic shock
No rush and fear of clock.
No threat of undue knock.

“We don’t need any papers, they say”
Passport is beyond our senses, hi guy!
Boundaries and borders, all no more
We have green land and warm shore
We are not humans, we are not robots,
We are but a fairer creature, cyborgs.
We have no chip of bloodshed and lust
We are with our choice to glow and rust
Death and disease are no more to burst
All are helping, on each word we trust.”

Military Trial Courts

I was in my class
Scholars and researchers
Teaching formal course

To have some pause
As was my wont
Lesson of patriotism
To keep spirits alive
Of my coming ones

I told the brave stories
Of my army and agencies
How they tackled the plans
Of the enemies and safeguarded

our land and people many times.

I was amid the half of my narration
Felt the scholars having no interest
I tried to let them have attention
But with no fruitful outcome
The worst thing happened then,
A student stood up and said in request
*“Sir, please leave this topic
and say something else”.*
I got silent; nay, I was silenced.

Call for *Salaat*

Get up, come out of bed
Be ready for sacred doing
Suspend, stop and halt
all duty, study, job or joy
Wherever you are on earth
Either all alone or in a clan
Either in hot wave or rain
Moving on foot or in train
Go and make an ablution
Make a certain resolution.

Hey! come towards success
Hey! come towards salaat
A call resounds somewhere

some near or far-off speaker.
Claims to be a custodian of
our salvation and prosperity

I often think and theorize
The logic behind *salaat* is
Not the *salaat* itself at all;
It is just a way to look
at Him; leaving all aside
showing a presence each time
upright to bowing posture
With a firm faith to abide by
all He wishes to be done
And all He plans to be run.

Happy Birthday

The days spent in past
Passed, but a bit fast!
All those are left now
Will not be ever lost.

Let's recall a sweet song!
promise never do wrong!
never alone even a furlong.

You for me and all for you!
Take care of acts that you do
Never look other who is who
either a friend or a foe.

Win your goal with praying hands
And make us shift to dream lands
That is echoing with rosy bands.
And *gulman* seen in active stands

My dear! Grow up and be brave
My dear! Never be anyone's slave
My dear! What you give, all I save.

A Cruise to the Isle of Cumbrae

All is pure and organic
Sitting on the top of the Ferry;
A state ferry, a long streak of water
Waves with glow of sun
Glitter like a poetic rhyme
It is as permanent as sea
Till the Ferry anchors gently
on the other side of the island
With the out-pour of the cars
and the pedestrians all in queue
climb up to the quiet island
They wander and breathe in.
No worries of work and job
all blue sky, patches of cloud

Seagulls cruising peacefully
as the grass grows by its will
Water comes ashore with ease
with a loving kiss to the stones
Then retreats with no foam
The small tunas, for a while flutter
and jump again into the last waves
I rush to catch them, they glide away,
Leaving me blank as my natal days.

I Missed You at Cumbrae

On the top the grassy rocks
All standing alone by myself
fish and chips in my one hand
Toss the crumbs of the fried fish
Towards the sky, inviting them;
The white seagulls; pure white
They jump up and down in jerks
and catch hold the crumbs in jest
Even the sharp wind is no issue
They balter around, twist their wings
On the quiet *Isle of Cumbrae*
During my days at Glasgow
My frequent visits to the place
Made me happy and sad at the same;

Happy for being in the lap of nature,
And sad; for will stay forever there

To have my hand in yours, I wish
Palms rustle with palms and arms
Lips locked with lips and calm
In the shade of your starry eyes
the things, we'll do, I can't name
A true love that is void of shame
And long walks on the side lane
Heavenly bliss; with earthly dame.

At Dubai Airport

All in a hurry, all in a haste
The passengers on boarding
passports and passes in hands
Rolling bags ahead and behind
All are walking in one direction
Pay heed to the announcement
try to comprehend the message.

Single queue, stand and wait
The wait is weighty of course
All are impatient and exhaust
restless to reach their homes;
Their destinations, their destinies
They can't miss their flight

They reach earlier and wait for long
The delay of the flight is an issue
They're vocal about such schedules
The things that increase distances
between they and their near ones.

Evenings in November

Some pains need no sorrow
Like evenings in November
One is suffocated on the road
Fog and smog overpower
Enter the nostrils forcibly
Water from nose and eyes
Starts flowing consistently
Affect everyone's alveoli

I am the most affected
Being an asthmatic
Already with short breaths
Lungs half working
With a small fungal attack
Bronchioles contracted

I am out of breath
I rush to lie, half-bent
A support of two pillows.

She rushes towards me
With inhaler and honey
To make me sustain
Nabulization is next
I'm fifty, she's my nurse
Hot water is the best dose
She always advises and keeps
Purifier in my study and sleep

It is a painful time, no doubt
I struggle to survive, with best
I can do, still struggling best
I fight myself and wait all time
eyes on weather forecast ahead
For the eternal purifier, no doubt
A shower of rain, Nature's remedy.

All is but Lockdown

All shutters are down
Roads silent and still
No unnecessary travel
No gatherings at all
No rallies and slogans
All petrol pumps closed
Schools and colleges off
No import, no export
signals, internet jammed
A sense of horror, a fear
Horror settled inside?
Fear? the loss of power?
Or something else?

The protest is protest
It erupts and outflows
As a lava that boils
In some deep cauldron
It cares least, you know
for power and terror
It is terror in itself

All the airy powers
And their associates
Think and think again
How to bar the outflow
Deaths and security risk
Warnings are issued
Proxy news and papers
Recordings and reels
Arrests and release
Torture, agony and pains
Naked videos on screen
All are the ways to let the
Time pass as usual as one can.

A few have doubts in mind
Why are all of the mouth?
Putting jobs and work at risk
How to mitigate the public?
How to appease them down?
How to settle their demands?
(24th November 2024)

The Last Episode

It's going to be the last stroke
The final and decisive blow
With utmost power and might
With right and left hand both
Even with feet, though fettered
My breast will also bump ahead
With the heavy pressure of blood
In my full senses and sentiments
I will wield my feet on the spot
A win is either got or not

If pushed back, in some way
I will rehouse and bring a new day
A day that I ever think to bring
A night that I ever plan to spend

With my own visions and decisions
With my own map of life I sketched

Listen! I have to reach you at all
With all my queries to resolve
It is you alone who are reluctant
To appear before me and face
Your mysteries are a headache
I will see your face and stature
I will visit your forbidden territory
With full options to move anywhere
To find out all your data and chemistry
To rid myself of entangles of mystery.

It'll take time, but not too long even
Years and years may be a long span
I will reach you soon in your lair
Without no mark of terror or fear
I'll be there, you may greet me.

(25th November 2024)

Black Comedy

Blackness ever hides their faces
We can neither see the *aerials*
Nor can sense the plots of *fairies*
We are but an *Other* creature
For the *gods of small things*
To keep and crawl on the earth
To run here and are mocked there.
Does anybody care about us?
For our sentiments and pains?
For our sun-shines and rains?
For our trolleys and trains?

A huge crowd of the folk comes
From all across the sacred state

Leaving their homes and farms
To have a sit-in against the Powers
To be just and fair in large sense
No personal grudge, no malign in
No arms or grenades to throw out
Their just demands a fair deal
To be listened, talked and settled
Promises as ever, delays as usual.

It is just the first night they reach
the spot they decide to sit and stay
All in thrill and a will to be rescued
From any wind or blow, chill or snow.

The night falls, the darkness spreads
Lights from all the towers switch off
Their phone lights are but a little help
The fog intensifies the blackness
Making all familiar faces *who is who*

A sudden burst of bullets from all around

Targeted from the surrounding buildings
Coupled with many fast-running trucks
The bullets hit the crowd abreast and back
Without any stop and stay, sense or say
Trucks smash the fallen and half-fallen
Like tomatoes come under a vehicle
They are alone, roasted and ambushed
Like ones in a haunted movie in a theatre.

The theatre is going on, the *Players* come
They perform and go, *chill and fill* is all
But what about the ones outside the *Hall*
Those who paid, and are still paying toll
No wonder, they always pay toll in Red
Red and dark make a strange tincture
A tincture that writes the fate of the mobs
They write their stories with blood forever
To be heard and told in the coming days.
The white faces and attires will be muddy
They can't bear the heavy load of Redness.

The *Ariel* and the *Aeries* will be on the spot
With a no-turn, a no-escape deal to allot
The bones of the killed ones will demand
The moans of the left-ones will command
a justice with a sway far long and strong.
That'll be a white comedy as counterweight.
(26th November 2024)

Traffic on Auto-mode

Traffic parts go by as per power
Lorries and Daewoos with horns
Too loud to bear, they go on
Long and small cars as sandwiches
Cycles and bikes immersed
There is one way, all allowed
Signals are out of current
The traffic man stands aloof
As no one hears and follows him
It is a strange crowd, no doubt
No one knows where to go and how
All are in a hurry, all still and stuck
pathways are packed with vendors
Usurping the road margin too.

The people have learnt to live
In the way they are living now
Without any sense of remorse
Each blames another, that's all

With sufficient times to spend
In the traffic crowds and mess
A daily matter they deal with
Their habits getting permanent

Their State, too, reflects the same
With patterns of some absurd era
They exist, they are contented too
under the law of automatism.

Violence

We have learnt to weep and cry
In a louder voice or a hushed sigh
No matter what happens where
No matter who does with whom
We secure our nest all the time
The tree is a different matter
Who thinks about the old tree
Few ever think about the load;
The load it bears upon its trunk
Fruits and leaves are part of it
Each Nest is an extra burden
It has still a stands and smile
Never refuses a shade or yield
With fresh supply to our lungs.

April is a hard time for it
Icy winter, too, is a trial
The stones by boys there
the trials can not maim even
Its stature keeps on growing

The tree is tall and strong
It stands and will stand ever
No care for rain or shower

The nestlers are crazy, insane
They wish to hue the tree down
In their own anger and frown
Extend their nests as towns
Smile as walk in small lawns.

The chirp of birds and the cheer
The blue sky, naked and clear
A clumsy walk out of any fear
The ozone with a thick layer

All are gonna part soon, alas!
We will learn to live and stay
With artificial sun and moon.
In proxy nights, in fake days.

For You

My nobler rhymes whenever arise
In some sacred and mystic guise!
In the deepest cores of my heart
The image of yours alonethere lies!
My twitching soul when perturbs
I see soothing signs in thine eyes.
Roses are to scramble before you
Against your dimple every petal dies
Though a few inches shorter grown
All is fair and ideal to me is the size!
Your sweet talks in sweat and heat
All are the moments I call the pinnacle;
The pinnacle of the erotic feeling lies

She was Brave

My mother was a brave soul
Too coy and shy, I saw
Rarely without a *dupatta*
A large *shawl* when out of home
With me and my other siblings
She was as kind as queen
The only concern was her home
All other kins she focused least
Not literature, but a narrator
Myths and fables on her fingertips
Her lulling as soothing and balming
Music, she knew not, but sonorous
Told us the stories of our great heroes
Sometimes, a taunt at our follies
Clubbed never, slapped softly on back.

She had a passion for sending me school
With many books and geometry tools
Counting and tables she had on her fingers
So quick and accurate, she made
No formal schooling but school in herself
With all the history of Islam and ethics.

The *parathas* she made with compasses
A logical answer to each of my query
A narrator with her own diction
proverbs, interjections, and clitches
Those all permeated in my blood
made me love my tongue forever
contented and thanksgiving
No demands, no wants
Lived within the budget
Whatever my dad used to allot
No quarrels, no remorse
No frown, no harass
All cool and steadfast
With her own timetable

She rarely compromised
Each homely task she did
As perfect as round *paratha*.

Keeping a maid or a servant
She always thought the idea queer
She was a perfect maid and cook
House ordained was her book
All the six siblings she took
Early rise and early sleep.
With holy dreams to reap
Her love for recitation deep
Each ritual she had to keep
A scheduled plan with no beep.

The dreams of her own parents
Some mystics and holy lands
of *Hijaz* and wonderful lands
Half she told, half forgotten
We laughed and laughed aloud
With soft abuses in response.

Past is Gone

Her rhythmic words
are symphonies
Her sonorous pitch
Evokes my visions
To make a decision
Wisely made-sure
That all you wish
And all you cry!
That is the time
To grow a pine
In the desert
With oasis around
In sandy ground
Where both we sit

Reassure our oaths

Then a long sigh

For future nigh

I forget my past

My race and caste

Promises I made last

My art and craft.

She is with me

She is my diary, I feel
And find each memory
Of love and hate
Of light and freight
Of tears and smiles
Of journeys of miles
I am tired no doubt
Start gasping aloud
She is a firm support
As *Amazon* to hold
Each of my luggage,
my hand and band.

My Life Partner

The dreams I observe
The visions you see
Both are deep rooted
And have one ground;
one cloud to surround
Thus I am bound
From all around
You never let me free
Like a naked tree
If I stand as a naked tree
You come and cover me
with a cover of seven skies
Make my days serene.

Some befitting verse
I wish to compose
Some matching lyrics
I desire to dictate
Some iambic melody
I want to sing
But the problem here stands
You may not jeer me in hand
come with me alone in my land

Come to me with a virtue
And tame me in a routine
Like a time table to me
Of a school going boy.
I wish to live with you
In top of ease and joy
As a home work is assigned
as some embroidery or design
In every new fashion I'll play
In every night and day!

I wish you New Year

I said not wish to you dear
this is just for You a new year
You still have pains and fear.

Ours will be a new year
After our bridal my dear
In a single bed, with no fear.

So I wish you a day
Show to me a nice ray.
on life's mutual way.

That will be the real joys
Having the mutual toys:

as mature girls and boys!

One new precious year

Enjoy it my dear!

Be more sonorous

Keep your mind clear

Find your noble aims

In each and every sphere

You are already booked

Be strong and stay near

listen my tuneless epic

that others may not hear

So

Come to me the most near

In that forth coming year

O my dear!

O my dear!

Love through Ages

Over his shoulder, she has her head
Rests in peace like her sleeping bed
They both sit on the beach for long
Having no kiss but a love song
Then they turn faces to each other
Entangle their legs, she draws him near
So near that the lips are locked tight
They keep on loving long with song

The song is never to end and stop
till the sun itself dares to go down

They are there till the dusk falls
They open the lock and take long breaths

With a draught of water from a flask near
This is their today's episode
They make a promise to repeat it daily
Till they are old with nothing to do else.

What a Pleasure!

Along the beach, a long wave coming ashore
Me standing with naked feet, pants folded up
I allow water touch my feet and lower legs
Making feel its presence with soft kiss
Its softness travels to my skull in few seconds
Like a a touch of her hand on my palm
And the smoothness that travelled to my heart
And lasted there for long and long

The days are gone, she is no more with me
But the softy touch of cool water

Brings her to me and let her be with me
As a balm for my wounds and scratches;
That's an everlasting source of my survival
Through all the winds and weather of my life.

A Way to Forest

A side lane, a pathway
A few yards from the main road
Goes down and down
Towards a forest
Passes over a brooklet
Then a dense forest sudden
It seems to be no-way further
But it still opens ahead
Like a zipper, like a zigzag
Grass on sides, herbs and shrubs
with the names I know not

A young girl in her shorts
A water bottle in her hand,

Ear-buds fixed
Having a brisk walk
Coming from the forest,
She is tired but looks energetic
Crosses me with no eyes on me
I too damn care, keep on walking
Without a second glance on her

The path I was trotting was alien
In the country side of Glasgow,
my visit to the area first time.

But the mystery of the forest
and the cheeks of the girl
are fresh as yesternight's dream.

You Make my Seasons

Winter makes me cool
My attention gets fixed
And a single rule I follow
The rule that you offer
Like a teacher at school
The spring makes me toy
with your pranks and joy
I trace you all around
Even beyond myground
Summer sun does tease
your eyes make me ease
The clouds of your dark hair
Bring me all the breeze
In each Autumn I miss you

Haste I do to find you
Even after you are angry
I wish you to be with me
I wish the rainsfall
Make your cheeks glow
This is my single prayer
I'll ever see you grow.

Parting

She is the eldest daughter.
Sits with her back to her mother.
Spreads her washed hair apart
her mother will set them right.
She combs them with care
letting no hair break and fall.
Finally ties all mess as a tail.

She is to going to be married next week
The mother addresses her in a falling tone.
“You are to go away from us soon”.
She turns around with strange expression.
What means? Anything wrong on my side?
“No”. She says, “but it’s to happen.

It happened with me, will be with you too”.

“Mother! Is it for I eat too much?

Or I demand new dresses on *eids*?

If it's, I'm sorry.

I'll be burden no more,

but let me not part”.

The last phrase is mixed with sobs and sighs.

The mother hugs her, kisses her forehead

with a promise to be with her forever.

Knowing well the paradox of her words.

Meet the Author



M.R. Gohar (Dr. Muhammad Riaz Gohar) is the author of the books '*Inside Out*', '*Images*', '*Metaphors*', '*Yellow Leaves*' and '*My Vigils*' (all having short and long poems in English). His '*Kasak*' is the book with Urdu short poems. '*Life in Illusions*' is his debut novelette. '*Brave Souls*' is his latest book with 30 poems in English. M.R.Gohar is an Associate Professor of English at Government Graduate College Satellite Town Gujranwala. He grew up in Jandiala Baghwala, a peripheral village of Gujranwala. He received his Bachelor in English Literature and Master in English Literature (with Gold Medal) from Government College Gujranwala. Apart from English Literature, he got his Master degree in TEFL (Teaching English as a Foreign Language) from Allama Iqbal Open University Islamabad. He got his master degrees in Urdu, Punjabi and MOL (Master in Oriental Learning) from the University of Punjab Lahore. He secured his degrees of M.Phil and PhD in Linguistics from the University of Gujrat. His areas of research are morphology and onomastics. In addition to writing poetry and novel, he has his research articles published on native languages that can be searched and studied from *google* (as *Dr. Muhammad Riaz Gohar*). He is a Chief-Patron of a research organization "*Orient Social Research Consultancy* (www.osrc.org.pk) that hosts five HEC recognized journals in 'Y' category.



ISBN: 978-969-2281-14-0